

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXX.

Amine had just returned from an afternoon's walk through the streets of Goa; she had made some purchases at different shops in the bazaar, and had brought them home under her mantilla. "Here, at last, thank heaven, I am alone and not watched," thought Amine, as she threw herself on the couch. "Philip, Philip, where are you?" exclaimed she. "I have now the means, and I soon will know." Little Pedro, the son of the widow, entered the room, ran up to Amine and kissed her. "Tell me, Pedro, where is your mother?"

"She has gone out to see her friends this evening, and we are alone. I will stay with you."

"Do so, dearest. Tell me, Pedro, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, I can—tell it me."

"Nay, I have nothing to tell, but I wish you to do something; I wish to make a play, and you shall see things in your hand."

"Oh, yes—show me, do show me."

"If you promise not to tell."

"No, by the Holy Virgin, I will not."

"Then you shall see."

Amine lighted some charcoal in a chafing dish and put it at her feet; she then took a reed pen, some ink from a small bottle, and a pair of scissors, and wrote down several characters on a paper, singing, or rather chanting, words which were not intelligible to her young companion. Amine then threw frankincense and coriander seed into the chafing dish, which threw out a strong aromatic smoke; and desiring Pedro to sit down by her on a small stool, she took the boy's right hand and held it in her own. She then drew upon the palm of his hand a square figure with characters on each side of it, and in the center poured a small quantity of the ink, so as to form a black mirror of the size of half a crown.

"Now all is ready," said Amine; "look, Pedro, what see you in the ink?"

"My own face," replied the boy.

"She threw more frankincense upon the chafing dish, until the room was full of smoke, and then chanted:

"Turshoon — turso-shoon — come down, come down."

"Be present, ye servants of these names."

"Remove the evil, and be correct."

The characters she had drawn upon the paper she had divided with the scissors, and now taking one of the pieces, she dropped it into the chafing dish, still holding the boy's hand.

"Tell me, Pedro, what do you see?"

"I see a man sweeping," replied Pedro, alarmed.

"Fear not, Pedro, you shall see more. Has he done sweeping?"

"Yes, he has."

And Amine muttered words which were unintelligible, and threw into the chafing dish the other half of the paper with the characters she had written down. "Say, now, Pedro, Philip Vanderdecken, appear!"

"Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" responded the boy, trembling.

"Tell me what thou seest, Pedro—tell me true?" said Amine, anxiously.

"I see a man lying down on the white sand. I don't like this play."

"Be not alarmed, Pedro; you shall have sweetmeats directly. Tell me what thou seest—how the man is dressed?"

"He has a short coat. He has white trousers; he looks about him—he takes something out of his breast and kisses it."

"'Tis he! 'tis he! and he lives! Heaven, I thank Thee. Look again, boy."

"He gets up. I don't like this play; I am frightened; indeed I am."

"Fear not."

"Oh, yes I am; I cannot," replied Pedro, falling on his knees; "pray let me go."

Pedro had turned his hand and spilled the ink, the charm was broken and Amine could learn no more. She scolded the boy with presents, made him repeat his promise that he would not tell, and postponed further search into fate until the boy should appear to have recovered from his terror and be willing to resume the ceremonies.

"My Philip lives—mother, dear mother, I thank you."

Amine did not allow Pedro to leave the room until he appeared to have quite recovered from his fright; for some days she did not say anything to him except to remind him of his promise not to tell his mother, or any one else, and she loaded him with presents.

One afternoon when his mother was gone out Pedro came in and asked Amine "whether they should not have the play over again?"

Amine, who was anxious to know more, was glad of the boy's request, and soon had everything prepared. Again was her chamber filled with the smoke of the frankincense; again was she muttering her incantations; the magic mirror was on the boy's hand, and once more had Pedro cried out, "Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" when the door burst open, and Father Mathias, the curate and several other people made their appearance. Amine started up. Pedro screamed and ran to his mother.

"Then I was not mistaken at what I saw in the cottage at Terneuse," cried Father Mathias, with his arms folded

over his breast, and with looks of indignation; "accursed sorceress! you are detected."

About half an hour afterward two men dressed in black gowns came in to Amine's room and requested that she would follow them, or that force would be used. Amine made no resistance; they crossed the square; the gate of a large building was opened; they desired her to walk in, and in a few seconds Amine found herself in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was subsequently tried and condemned to be burned at the stake as a sorceress. Subsequently she was executed according to sentence.

We must again return to Philip and Krantz. When the latter retired from the presence of the Portuguese commandant, he communicated to Philip what had taken place, and the fabulous tale which he had invented to deceive the commandant, by a story of buried treasure they had invented. "I said that you alone knew where the treasure was concealed," continued Krantz, "that you might be sent for, for in all probability he will keep me as a hostage; but never mind that, I must take my chance. Do you contrive to escape somehow and rejoin Amine."

They concocted a story of buried treasure on a distant island, and through the soldier, Pedro, readily got the consent of the commandant to accompany them. Pedro, Schrieffen and other soldiers connected with the fort accompanied them in the vessels. None of these bore the commandant goodwill.

The party arrived under the tree—the shovels soon removed the light sand, and in a few minutes the treasure was exposed to view. Bag after bag was handed up and the loose dollars collected into heaps. Two of the soldiers had been sent to the vessels for sacks to put the loose dollars in, and the men had desisted from their labor; they laid aside their spades, looks were exchanged, and all were ready.

The commandant turned round to call to and hasten the movements of the men who had been sent for the sacks, when three or four knives simultaneously pierced him through the back; he fell, and was exsanguinated, when they were again buried in his bosom, and he lay a corpse. Philip and Krantz remained silent spectators; the knives were drawn out, wiped and replaced in their sheaths. The party then set sail for home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Years have passed away since we related Amine's sufferings and cruel death; and now once more we bring Philip Vanderdecken on the scene. And during this time, where has he been? A lunatic—at one time frantic, chained, coerced with blows; at others, mild and peaceable. Reason occasionally appeared to burst out again, as the sun on a cloudy day; and then it was again obscured. For many years there was one who watched him carefully, and lived in hopes to witness his return to a sane mind; he watched in sorrow and remorse—he died without his desires being gratified. This was Father Mathias!

The cottage at Terneuse had long fallen into ruins; for many years it waited the return of its owners, and at last the heirs at law claimed and recovered the substance of Philip Vanderdecken. Even the fate of Amine had passed from the recollection of most people.

But many, many years have rolled away—Philip's hair is white—his once powerful frame is broken down—and he appears much older than he really is. He is now sane; but his vigor is gone. Weary of life, all he wishes for is to execute his mission—and then to welcome death.

The relic has never been taken from him; he has been discharged from the lunatic asylum, and has been provided with the means of returning to his country. Alas! he has now no country—no home—nothing in the world to induce him to remain in it. All he asks is, to do his duty and to die.

The ship was ready to sail for Europe, and Philip Vanderdecken went on board—hardly caring whither he went. To return to Terneuse was not his object; he could not bear the idea of visiting the scene of so much happiness and so much misery. Amine's form was engraved on his heart, and he looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be summoned to join her in the land of spirits.

"When, oh when is it to be accomplished?" was the constant subject of his reveries. "Blessed indeed will be the day when I leave this world of hate and seek that other in which the weary are at rest."

The vessel on board of which Philip was embarked as a passenger was the Nostra Senora da Monte, a brig of three hundred tons, bound for Lisbon. The captain was an old Portuguese, full of superstition and fond of arrack—a fondness rather unusual for people of his nation. They sailed from Goa and Philip was standing abaft and sadly contemplating the spire of the cathedral, in which he had last parted with his wife, when his elbow was touched, and he turned around.

"A fellow-passenger again," said a well-known voice—it was that of the pilot Schrieffen.

There was no alteration in the man's appearance; he showed no marks of declining years, his one eye glared as keenly as ever.

Philip started, not only at the sight of the man, but at the reminiscences which his unexpected appearance brought to his mind. It was but for a second, and he was again calm and pensive.

"You here again, Schrieffen?" observed Philip. "I trust your appearance forbodes the accomplishment of my task."

"Perhaps it does," replied the pilot; "we both are weary."

Philip made no reply; he did not even ask Schrieffen in what manner he had escaped from the fort; he was indifferent about it, for he thought that the man had a charmed life.

"Many are the vessels that have been wrecked, Philip Vanderdecken, and many the souls summoned to their account by meeting with your father's ship while you have been so long shut up," observed the pilot.

"May our next meeting with him be more fortunate—may it be the last!" replied Philip.

"No, no! rather may he fulfill his doom, and shall till the day of judgment!" replied the pilot, with emphasis.

"Vile caltiff! I have a foreboding that you will not have your detestable wish. Away—leave me! or you shall find that, although this head is blanched by misery, this arm has still some power."

The ship had now gained off the southern coast of Africa, and was about one hundred miles from the Lagulass coast; the morning was beautiful, a slight ripple only turned over the waves, the breeze was light and steady, and the vessel was standing on a wind at the rate of about four miles an hour.

"Blessed be the holy saints," said the captain, who had just gained the deck; "another little slant in our favor and we shall lay our course. Again, I say, blessed be the holy saints, and particularly our worthy patron, St. Antoine, who has taken under his particular protection the Nostra Senora da Monte." We have a prospect of fine weather; come, signors, let us down to breakfast, and after breakfast we will enjoy our cigars upon the deck."

But the scene was soon changed; a bank of clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that to the seamen's eyes was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was one deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration.

In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Philip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. "Now, holy Virgin, protect us!—what can this be?" exclaimed the captain, in a fright. "Holy St. Antonio, protect us!—but this is awful!"

"There—there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunwale to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schrieffen and the captain were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cable lengths distant, they beheld slowly rising out of the water the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose and rose gradually; her topmasts and topsail yards, with the sails set, next made their appearance; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging and, lastly, her hull showed itself above the surface. Still she rose up, till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage were above water, and there she remained, close to them, with her main yard squared and hove-to.

(To be continued.)

PHILIPPINE MUSIC.

Almost All Tunes Are Pathetic and Melancholy in Tone.

Philippine music is becoming popular. Returning voyagers to the far distant islands have introduced it here. Like the Hawaiian, it is distinctive, and characteristic of the national life of the people, though without doubt an adaptation of the sweet and melancholy music of the Spaniards. Flute, violin and harp are the favorite instruments, as in the Italian, but it is not like the animated music of Italy. The liveliest strains of the Filipinos are pathetic and melancholy in tone. So, too, are the titles of most of their musical compositions, as, for instance, "Los Dias Ultimos del Verano" ("The Last Days of Summer"), "The Wail of a Lost Soul," "The Approach of Autumn." The harp twangs softly, the violin bow is gently drawn, while above all floats the wail of a flute, which rises and falls in melancholy cadences. This music speaks as eloquently to the foreigner as to the native. "The Approach of Autumn" is so plaintive and sad that you can almost hear the rustle of the forest leaves, or the sighing of autumn zephyrs through the pine trees. Church music, too, is of the same plaintive character, all pitched in a minor key.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Teaching Law to Boston Policemen.

Under the workings of a new rule, Boston's policemen are receiving instruction in the law. Every week a number of legal questions pertaining to matters which come under their daily observation are propounded to them, and this system of examinations is believed to have greatly improved the efficiency of the force.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE NUMBER "SEVEN." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Genesis, Chapter II, Verse 7, &c. Follows: "God Blessed the Seventh Day"—The Numeral Seven Is Favored by Divine Choice.

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The mathematics of the Bible is noticeable: the geometry and the arithmetic; the square in Ezekiel: the circle spoken of in Isaiah: the curve alluded to in Job: the rule of fractions mentioned in Daniel: the rule of loss and gain in Mark, where Christ asks the people to cipher out by that rule what it would "profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." But there is one mathematical figure that is crowned above all others in the Bible: it is the numeral seven, which the Arabians got from India, and all following ages have taken from the Arabians. It stands between the figure six and the figure eight. In the Bible all the other numerals bow to it. Over three hundred times it is mentioned in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. In Genesis the week is rounded into seven days, and I use my text because there this numeral is for the first time introduced in a journey which halts not until in the close of the Book of Revelations its monument is built into the wall of heaven in chrysolite, which, in the strata of precious stones is the seventh.

In the Bible we find that Jacob had to serve seven years to get Rachel, but she was well worth it; and, foretelling the years of prosperity and famine in Pharaoh's time, the seven lean oxen; and wisdom is said to be built on seven pillars; and the ark was left with the Philistines seven years; and Naaman, for the cure of leprosy, plunged in the Jordan seven times; the dead child, when Elisha breathed into its mouth, signified its arrival back into consciousness by sneezing seven times; to the house that Ezekiel saw in vision, there were seven steps; the walls of Jericho, before they fell down, were compassed seven days; Zechariah describes a stone with seven eyes: to cleanse a leprosy house, the door must besprinkled with pigeons' blood seven times; in Canaan were overthrown seven nations: on one occasion Christ cast out seven devils: on a mountain he fed a multitude of people with seven loaves, the fragments left filling seven baskets; and the closing passages of the Bible are magnificent and overwhelming with the imagery made up of seven churches, seven stars, seven candlesticks, seven seals, seven angels, and seven heads, and seven crowns and seven horns, and seven spirits, and seven vials, and seven plagues, and seven thunders.

Yea, the numeral seven seems a favorite with the divine mind outside as well as inside the Bible, for are there not seven prismatic colors? And when God with the rainbow wrote the comforting thought that the world would never have another deluge, he wrote it on the scroll of the sky in ink of seven colors. He grouped into the Pleiades seven stars. Rome, the capital of the world, sat on seven hills. When God would make the most intelligent thing on earth, the human countenance, he fashioned it with seven features—the two ears, the two eyes, the two nostrils and the mouth. Yea, our body lasts only seven years, and we gradually shed it for another body after another seven years, and so on, for we are, as our bodies, septennial animals. So the numeral seven ranges through nature and through revelation. It is the number of perfection, and so I use it while I speak of the seven candlesticks, the seven stars, the seven seals and the seven thunders.

The ministers are not all Pecksniffs and canting hypocrites, as some would have you think! Forgive me, if having at other times glorified the medical profession, and the legal profession and the literary profession—I glorify my own. I have seen them in their homes and heard them in their pulpits, and a grander array of men never breathed, and the Bible figure is not strained when it calls them stars; and whole constellations of glorious ministers have already taken their places on high, where they shine even brighter than they shone on earth: Edward N. Kirk, of the Congregational Church; Stephen H. Tyng, of the Episcopal Church; Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Church; John Dowling, of the Baptist Church; Samuel K. Talmage, of the Presbyterian Church; Thomas DeWitt, of the Reformed Church; John Chambers, of the Independent Church; and there I stop, for it so happens that I have mentioned the seven stars of the seven churches.

I pass on to another mighty Bible figure, and they are the seven seals. St. John in vision saw a scroll with seven seals, and he heard an angel cry, "Who is worthy to loose the seals thereof?" Take eight or ten sheets of foolscap paper, paste them together and roll them into a scroll, and have the scroll at seven different places sealed with sealing wax. You unroll the scroll till you come to one of these seals, and then you can go no further until you break that seal; then unroll again until you come to another seal, and you can go no further until you break that seal; then you go on until all the seven seals are broken, and the contents of the entire scroll are revealed. Now, that scroll with seven seals held by the angel was the prophecy of what was to come on the earth; it meant that the knowledge of the future was with God, and no man and no angel was worthy to open it; but the Bible says Christ opened it and broke all the seven seals. He broke the first

seal and unrolled the scroll, and there was a picture of a white horse, and that means prosperity and triumph for the Roman empire, and so it really came to pass that for ninety years virtuous emperors succeeded each other—Nerva, Trajan and Antoninus. Christ in the vision broke the second seal and unrolled again, and there was a picture of a red horse, and that meant bloodshed, and so it really came to pass, and the next ninety years were red with assassinations and wars. Then Christ broke the third seal and unrolled it, and there was a picture of a black horse, which in all literature means famine, oppression and taxation; and so it really came to pass. Christ went on until he broke all the seven seals and opened all the scroll. Well, the future of all of us is a sealed scroll, and I am glad that no one but Christ can open it. Do not let us join that class of Christians in our day, who are trying to break the seven seals of the future. They are trying to peep into things they have no business with.

There is another mighty seven of the Bible, viz., the seven thunders. What these thunders meant we are not told, and there has been much guessing about them; but they are to come, we are told, before the end of all things, and the world cannot get along without them. Thunder is the speech of lightning. There are evils in our world which must be thundered down, and which will require at least seven volleys to prostrate them. We are all doing nice, delicate, soft-handed work, in churches and reformatory institutions, against the evils of the world, and much of it amounts to a teaspoon dipping out the Atlantic ocean, or a clam shell digging away at a mountain, or a tack hammer smiting the Gibraltar. What is needed is thunderbolts, and at least seven of them. There is the long line of fraudulent commercial establishments, every stone in the foundation, and every brick in the wall, and every nail in the rafter made out of dishonesty; skeletons of poorly paid sewing girls' arms in every beam of that establishment; human nerves worked into every figure of that embroidery; blood in the deep dye of that refulgent upholstery; billions of dollars of accumulated fraud entrenched in massive storehouses, and stock companies manipulated by unscrupulous men, until the monopoly is defiant of all earth and heaven. How shall the evil be overcome? By treaties on the maxim: Honesty is the best policy? Or the soft repetition of the golden rule that we must "do to others as we would have them do to us?" No, it will not be done that way. What is needed and will come is the seven thunders.

There is drunkenness backed up by a capital mightier than in any other business. Intoxicating liquors enough in this country to float a navy. Good grain to the amount of 67,950,000 bushels annually destroyed to make the deadly liquid. Breweries, distilleries, gin shops, rum palaces, liquor associations, our nation spending annually seven hundred and forty millions of dollars for rum, resulting in bankruptcy, disease, pauperism, filth, assassination, death, illimitable woe. What will stop them? No license? No. Prohibition laws? No. Churches? No. Moral suasion? No. Thunderbolts will do it; nothing else will. Seven thunders!

Yonder are intrenched infidelity and atheism with their magazines of literature scoffing at our Christianity; their Hoe printing presses busy day and night. There are their blaspheming apostles, their drunken Tom Paines and libertine Voltaires of the present as well as the past, reinforced by all the powers of darkness from highest demon to lowest imp. What will extirpate those monsters of infidelity and atheism? John Brown's shorter catechism about "Who made you?" or Westminster catechism about "What is the chief end of man?" No. Thunderbolts! The seven thunders! For the impurities of the world empalaced as well as cellared, epauletted as well as ragged, enthroned as well as ditched; for corrupt legislation which at times makes our state and national capitals a hemispheric stench; for superstitions that keep whole nations in squalor century after century, their juggernauts crushing their knives lacerating, their waters drowning, their funeral pyres burning, the seven thunders!

Oh, men and women, disheartened at the bad way things often go, hear you not a rumbling down the sky of heavy artillery, coming in on our side, the seven thunders of the Almighty? Do not let us try to wield them ourselves; they are too heavy and too fiery for us to handle; but God can and God will; and when all mercy has failed and all milder means are exhausted, then judgment will begin Thunderbolts! Depend upon it, that what is not done under the flash of the seven candlesticks will be done by the tramping of the seven thunders. But I leave this imperial and multipotent numeral seven, where the Bible leaves it, imbedded in the finest wall that was ever built, or will be constructed, the wall of heaven. It is the seven strata of precious stones that make up that wall. After naming six of the precious stones in that wall, the Bible cries out—"the seventh chrysolite!" The chrysolite is an exquisite green, and in that seventh layer of the heavenly wall shall be preserved forever the dominant color of the earth we once inhabited. I have sometimes been saddened at the thought that this world, according to science and revelation, is to be blotted out of existence, for it is such a beautiful world. But here in this layer of the heavenly wall, where the numeral seven is to be imbedded, the strata of green is to be photographed, and embalmed, and perpetuated, the color of the grass

that covers the earth, the color of foliage that fills the forest, the color of the deep sea. One glance at that green chrysolite, a million years after this planet has been extinguished, will bring to mind just how it looked in summer and spring, and will say to those who were born blind on earth, and never saw at all in this world, after they have obtained full eyesight in heaven: "If you would know how the earth appeared in June and August, look at that seventh layer of the heavenly wall, the green of the chrysolite."

And while we stand there and talk, spirit with spirit, that old color of the earth which had more away than all the other colors put together, will bring back to us our earthly experiences, and noticing that this green chrysolite is the seventh layer of crystallized magnificence, we may bethink ourselves of the domination of that numeral seven over all other numerals, and thank God that in the dark earth we left behind us we so long enjoyed the light of the seven golden candlesticks, and were all of us permitted to shine among the seven stars of more or less magnitude, and that all the seven seals of the mysterious future have been broken wide open for us by a loving Christ, and that the seven thunders having done their work have ceased reverberation, and that the numeral seven, which did such tremendous work in the history of nations on earth, has been given such a high place in that Niagara of colors, the wall of heaven, "the first foundation of which is jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcodony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite."

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls

And peerly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

GERMANY READY.

Roads Leading from France One Continuous Fort.

Metz and Strasburg, the outposts of the German army, face watchfully toward the west. From the gates of Metz the roads to Paris taper through wall after wall of entrenchments, which end with the heights above the stricken field of Gravelotte. Thence to the frontier of France is only a short walk across the grave-covered ground. From Metz to France is one long "glacis," unassailable by the invader. Above it rise the five great sentinel forts which surround Metz, and from the high ground on which these stand can be seen, fifteen miles to the west, Verdun, the nearest French fortress, the threat of France. In Metz and Strasburg a great German army stands at attention, ready for war. Touch the right button in Berlin and in half an hour 30,000 men will be marching from Metz and within twelve hours 100,000 men—the frontier field force of Alsace-Lorraine—will be crossing the border; while the system in accordance with which the railway touches all the great cantonnements of Germany and then converge on to the frontier, will land half a million men near Metz in three days. In a week 2,500,000 men will be on and beyond the frontier; in a week 4,000,000 Germans will be under arms. In Metz and Strasburg stores and food and fodder lie ready in magazines, the transport animals stand harnessed by the wagons. All the appliances and munitions of modern war are to hand, and would be on the road in a few minutes. When the troops go "route marching," they carry with them three days' food and three days' ammunition; their clothes are in their knapsacks. They can carry no more in war.

A DELIGHTFUL LUNCHEON.

The Hostess Put Every Woman at Her Ease.

The charming luncheon given by Mrs. Washington A. Roebeling in honor of Mrs. Daniel Manning, president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was an outburst of spring hospitality, says Harper's Bazar. At this luncheon over 150 women, representing many different organizations, including patriotic, literary, civic and philanthropic clubs, were charmingly entertained and amalgamated, through the skill and tact of the hostess, into a sociable and thoroughly acquainted company of women. By a system of cards and index lists which hung in the reception room every guest knew her table as she entered the large ballroom at Delmonico's, where the luncheon was spread. Intimate friends of Mrs. Roebeling presided at the small tables, that, each holding eight, circled the large round one in the center of the room at which were seated Mrs. Roebeling, Mrs. Manning and special dignitaries of the D. A. R. and Sorosis assembled to do her honor. When the guests were all seated and before she had taken her own place, Mrs. Roebeling went about from table to table, giving a word of welcome to every one and assuring herself that no one at any table was unknown to all the others of its company. When the coffee was served, Mrs. Roebeling arose and in a few graceful words presented Mrs. Manning and welcomed her guests. Then, in the most informal and delightful way, she asked one and another of the ladies present to say a word, her lively challenges bringing out every time clever and absolutely impromptu speeches from those to whom they were addressed.

Considerate.

Hilda—That awful old hat, Ella! Why do you wear it? Ella (her younger sister)—For your sake, dear. I mustn't be too attractive, you know!—Punch.